not, we think, be denied that General Sabine, in awarding the Copley Medal to Sedgwick in 1863, reserved to the very end of his speech the Professor's best claim for our gratitude. The General's speech concluded thus:—

"It is not only by written documents that knowledge and a taste for its acquirement are disseminated, and those who have had the good fortune to attend Professor Sedgwick's lectures, or may have enjoyed social intercourse with him, will testify to the charm and interest he frequently gives to geology by the happy mixture of playful elucidations of the subject with the graver and eloquent exposition of its higher principles and objects."

Sedgwick died in his rooms at Trinity in 1873. He was lucky in this—that Dean Stanley was, on the Sunday after his death, the select preacher before the University. It remains only to say that this biography has an ideally good index.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

THE TUDOR LIBRARY: "GIOVANNI PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA." London: David Nutt. 1890.

EVERY lover of rare books, and of our old literature, must be grateful to Mr. Nutt for his new edition of Sir Thomas More's "Life of Pico della Mirandola." It is reproduced, says the editor, "from a small black-letter quarto in the British Museum, printed about 1510." This volume was practically unobtainable, and it is now carefully edited and republished. "The old spelling and, as far as possible, the old punctuation have been retained, though in many places it has been necessary to alter the latter in order to avoid intolerable harshness or obscurity." It may be as the editor asserts, but it is at least open to question whether the old punctuation, with all its faults, is not more scholarly than our modern neglect of punctuation, and whether there is not more of music in the old English than in the harsher phrases which our century employs.

The Life of Pico della Mirandola was written in Latin by his nephew, Giovanni Francesco Pico, and it was turned into English by Sir Thomas More. The title of the old edition is as follows:—"Here is conteyned the Lyfe of Johan Picus Erle of Myrandula, a grete Lorde of Italy; an excellent connynge Man in all Sciences and verteous of Lyvynge. With dyvers Epystles and other Werkes of ye said Johan Picus full of grete Science, Vertue, and Wysedome, whose Life and Werkes bene worthy and dygne to be redde and often to be had in Memorye." Under the title is engraved a Crucifix, with the instruments of the Passion. The colophon says: "Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde."

It is this old edition of which Mr. Pater speaks: it "seemed worthy, for some touch of sweetness in it, to be translated out of the original Latin by Sir Thomas More, that great lover of Italian culture;" and Mr. Pater doubtless found an original copy in his library at Brasenose. Now, thanks to Mr. Nutt's enterprise and taste, it may once more be read "in its quaint, antiquated English," by a larger body of admirers. That Pico has a large body of admirers, is due in no small degree to Mr. Pater's charming essay. He still comes to us, in the exquisite pages of "The Renaissance," as he came to Ficino, some four centuries ago; "a young man fresh from a journey, of feture and shappe semely and beauteous, of stature goodly and hyghe, of flesshe tendre and softe; his vysage lovely and fayre, his colour white entermengled with comely ruddy, his eyen gray and quicke of loke, his teth white and even, his heere yelowe and not to be piked;" that is, not elaborately trimmed; "flavo et inaffectato capillitio," are the words of the Latin biography.

Pico is given by Dr. Johnson as an example of those who have had great fame in their own day and little with posterity. But, in addition to the interest which Mr. Pater has revived, Pico has a curious interest for innumerable minds in this age of ours. His attempt to reconcile religion and philosophy, his equal admiration for Humanism and for Catholicism, his free thought, and his irresistible attraction to the Church—these make him not only a representative scholar of the fifteenth century, but a type of many cultivated and gentle thinkers in the nineteenth. And, to these cultivated readers, Sir Thomas More's "quaint, antiquated English" should be no less welcome than his "Life of Pico della Mirandola," with Mr. Pater's undoubted "touch of sweetness in it."

A SHORT LIFE OF AKBAR THE GREAT.

RULERS OF INDIA: AKBAR. By Col. G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

AKBAR, third of that famous line of Mogul Sovereigns who ruled Northern and Central India for two centuries in reality, and whose nominal rights were not extinguished till 1857, is, after Mohammed himself, the most striking and interesting figure in Mussulman history. Few men of any age or country have united in equally successful measure, the gifts of the conqueror, the organiser, and the philosophic statesman. When little more than thirteen years of age he was called to the throne of wide dominions, but dominions of which many provinces were in revolt, while the throne itself was disputed by adverse claimants. Partly by the skill of his generals, but even more by his own judgment and coolness, he overcame these antagonists, within four years shook off the control of his too powerful Minister, and began a career of conquest which carried him from one end of Hindustan to the other in a series of brilliant campaigns against frontier Powers or formidable insurrections. Very soon he gathered round him a group of generals and administrators unrivalled in the history of pre-British India, choosing them with statesman-like impartiality from Turkic, Afghan or native Indian races, and making no distinction between Mussulman and Hindu. In the settlement of the administration and financial system he bore a leading part himself, abolished oppressive taxes, put an end to religious persecution, protected the peasant cultivator by introducing a fixed system of assessment for land revenue. In the intervals of these toils, which lasted during a reign of forty-eight years, he found time to gather round him learned men, sages, and poets of various races and faiths; to pursue with unflagging interest his own literary studies, and, besides directing many other great public works, to erect a new capital whose mosques and palaces stand to this day as a monument of his strange and splendid genius, hardly less impressive in their solemn loveliness than when they were filled by his gorgeous court. His personal character is even more exceptional among Oriental rulers than his intellectual brilliance. He was singularly clement, faithful to his friends, disposed to prefer soft to violent methods, abstemious in eating and drinking, so filled with the sense of his own greatness that he constituted himself, to the horror of strict Mussulmans, a sort of prophet or vicegerent of God, yet apparently not led away by mere conceit or vanity into acts of cruelty or caprice. He is the only great Mussulman ruler who showed himself capable of rising out of the narrow bigotry of Islam to a lofty and comprehensive view of religious truth as more or less dwelling in and partially expressed by the various creeds that divide the allegiance of mankind.

The life and rule of such a man is a noble theme for a great historian. Colonel Malleson, however, is little better than a bookmaker. He is a practised bookmaker, who can write up to a certain level, and be read without undue weariness. But he is quite unequal to the task which has been here committed to him. Akbar cannot be uninteresting, even in the hands of so feeble a painter, but the picture wants both warmth in the colour and vigour in the

lines. Among the omissions, none is more surprising than the heedlessness which has given us no account of Futtehpore Sikri, Akbar's city, perhaps the most remarkable group of buildings that were ever executed under the auspices of one great mind. And how little the author appreciates his hero may be gathered from his closing remark, that "Akbar need not shrink from comparison even with Queen Elizabeth, his contemporary."

A MISMANAGED HERO.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAMAN. By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald. With a Sequel, relating to his services in liberating the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America, in the War of the Greek Independence, and with an account of his later life and scientific inventions. Edited by his grandson, Douglas, twelfth Earl of Dundonald. London: R. Bentley & Son. 1890.

MUCH praise is due to Lord Dundonald for the reverent care apparent in this edition of his grandfather's memoirs. The work originally appeared (1859—60) in two volumes, the second of which was issued but a few days before its author's death. It brought the story of his wayward life up to his thirty-ninth year, and closed with an account of the famous trial which ended in his degradation and imprisonment (1814). The new matter in the edition before us consists of an introduction, containing a brief but well planned account of the Dundonald Family, and a sequel in which the present earl has managed to pack the rest of his grandfather's life, from 1814 to 1860, into one hundred and twenty-five pages. There is much to be said for a system of compression which has brought the whole of this remarkable story within the limits of one handy volume, though the editor should not have printed his preface twice over; but that the restriction has been sorely felt by the editor is evident enough, not only from his own words but from many excisions in the body of the work as well as the suppression of the original appendices. These, he thought, "might be spared without impairing the value of the book for general reading, as the earlier editions still remain for reference, if required." We do not set much value (and we doubt if Lord Dundonald sets much) on the above sentence. It seems to mean "I had to give in to my publisher, who held views on the matter."

However, within his limits the editor has done his work well. He was lucky in possessing a subject, the human interest of which outweighs the historical. As a man, Lord Cochrane (he only succeeded to the peerage in 1831) is striking enough in all conscience, and the rough-and-tumble of his life may be held to beat all but the best romances. His father, the ninth earl, threw over the navy for the army, the army for country life, and squandered the family estates to feed a number of crazy inventions. He had a new scheme for preparing soda, another for improving alumina as a mordant for silk and calico printers, a third for making British gum as a substitute for gum Senegal, a fourth for preparing sal ammoniac, a fifth for manufacturing white lead, a sixth for extracting tar from pit-coal, a seventh for preserving ships' bottoms, and so on. In short he was a pioneer in the advance of applied science, and "our patrimony melted like the flux in his crucibles." This is the expression used by Thomas, Lord Cochrane, his more extraordinary son.

Thomas, who united the courage of a lion with the wrong-headedness of a mule, was destined for the army. It was a pity; for Thomas meant to go to sea. However, he was given a commission in His Majesty's 104th Regiment, and—

> "By way of initiation into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons well accorded with my father's instructions—not to pay attention to my foibles. My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour, to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety, then almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided; and, to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat and breeches, yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed."

Arrayed in this absurd costume the young Lord Cochrane took a walk one day "near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross." And the streetboys of that neighbourhood behaved after their kind and "beset" him. "Stung to the quick," he says, "I made my escape from them, and rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea. . . . This burst of despair aroused the indignation of the parent and the Whig, and the reply was a sound cuffing; but my dislike to everything military became confirmed; and the events of that day certainly cost His Majesty's 104th Regiment an officer."

In time Lord Cochrane had his will and went to sea in his uncle's ship, the *Hind*. The story of his early training under Lieutenant Jack Larmour, is as good as anything in Marryat. But unlike Marryat's heroes, who have a knack of attaining glory by that disobedience of orders, Lord Cochrane suffered for unruliness at every turn of his life. He was of that class of men who, when most in the right, contrive to seem hopelessly in the wrong, who persistently obscure a good argument by violence of language and wreck a fair cause by blundering in detail. As junior lieutenant he took an early opportunity of impeding his promotion by quarrelling with his first lieutenant. A court-martial was the result; and he was let off with the admonition to "avoid for the future all flippancy towards superior officers."

At length Lord Cochrane obtained a ship, which may be described in his own words:—

> "The *Speedy* was little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war, even sixty years ago (*i.e.* in the first year of the present century). She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded, rather than manned, with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers, myself included. Her armament consisted of fourteen *4-pounders!* a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss. . . . I applied for and obtained a couple of 12-pounders, but was compelled to return them to the ordnance wharf, there not being room on deck to work them. . . . With her rig I was more fortunate. Having carried away her mainyard, it became necessary to apply for another to the senior officer, who, examining a list of spare spars, ordered the *fore-top-gallant-yard* of the *Généreux* to be hauled out as a *mainyard* for the *Speedy!* . . . I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair. . . . The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high, so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight and putting my head through to make a toilet table of the quarter deck."

The list of prizes taken by this absurd little vessel is perfectly amazing. And it is probable that the hours spent by Lord Cochrane aboard her were the happiest in his life. Certainly his description of them makes pleasant reading. But soon the old story begins—"Admiralty reluctance to promote me," "jobbery," "favouritism," "malice of the Government," etc. etc. And this is the burden of the rest of the book. From the *Speedy*, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Pallas*, where he did excellent service. Returning home, he was sent to Parliament by the electors of Honiton, and began to make enemies with whole-hearted indiscretion. In the following Parliament he sat for Westminster, brought forward a motion on naval abuses, and was shipped off to sea in the *Impérieuse;* displayed every fine quality but reticence and obedience; indiscreetly exhibited a well-grounded contempt for his admiral, Lord Gambier, at the Basque Roads; then came home and opposed in Parliament the intended vote of thanks to Lord Gambier. Lord Gambier demanded a court-martial and was, by the efforts of the Government, acquitted. Consequently Lord Cochrane, who had contrived to get himself regarded as accuser, succeeded only in damaging his own reputation, though it is plain enough that on the main question he was entirely in the right. Of course it ruined him with the Admiralty. For

thirty-nine years he never trod the deck of a British ship of war at sea.

His next step was to quarrel with the Maltese Admiralty Court over the prize-money due to the *Impérieuse*. He sailed off to Malta in his private yacht, laid hands on the Court table of fees, was arrested and imprisoned, cut his prison bars, let himself down from a third-storey window, and escaped back to England. At home again, he set himself with fresh vigour to the task of raising up enemies; or, in his own words, "I devoted myself assiduously in Parliament to the course I had marked out for myself, viz., the amelioration of the condition of the naval service."

Then came the famous Stock Exchange Trial, into the history of which we have no space to enter. Unjustly accused, and vilely misused by the presiding judge, Lord Ellenborough, who, as the editor neatly remarks, "enforced the views of the Ministry from the judicial bench," Lord Cochrane was found guilty, stripped of his honours, and flung into prison.

The rest of the story is told in the "Sequel," which is mainly digested from two works published, one in 1859 by Lord Cochrane himself, and the other ten years later by his son and Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne. It deals with his achievements in the Chilian and the Brazilian service and his work in the war of the Greek independence; and it ends with his restoration to his honours in this country. This chapter is, perhaps, the most pathetic in the book, and the editor deserves our gratitude for the simple language in which he has reminded the public of an iniquity too tardily redressed and too easily forgotten. That Lord Cochrane was a difficult person is notorious enough, but it is well to remember that our rulers broke his spirit by means so detestable as to be almost incredible had we not in the present Parliament been treated to a specimen of precisely the same methods of persecution. That political morality will ever come abreast of ordinary morality it would be sanguine to expect. But a wider acquaintance with such a book as this life of Lord Dundonald might prevent history repeating itself in its very ugliest aspect. It may be noted that the first man to tender his compliments on Lord Dundonald's restoration was Delane, the editor of the *Times*.

THREE NOVELS.

1. A Fellow of Trinity. By Alan St. Aubyn and Walt. Wheeler. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. A Marked Man. By Ada Cambridge. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
3. The Dominant Seventh. By Kate Elizabeth Clark. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

One of the authors of "A Fellow at Trinity" produced some time ago a shilling story of Cambridge life, entitled "Trollope's Dilemma." To Cambridge men this was a particularly maddening book; it showed the kind of knowledge of Cambridge which may be called external; but it was entirely out of touch with the undergraduate of to-day—it failed to represent his manners, his actions, his thought, or his conversation; there was no energy or virility in the book, and the author's point of view seemed to be that of a woman. We mention this because all the faults of "Trollope's Dilemma" are, in spite of collaboration, reproduced in "A Fellow of Trinity." If anyone wishes to obtain totally wrong conceptions of what university life is like, and to do so through the medium of a peculiarly dull and ill-written story, he may read "A Fellow of Trinity." It is not enough to know that on certain occasions surplices are worn in chapel; that lists are posted on the Senate House doors; that some men are fast and some are religious. The knowledge of Cambridge which is required to write a story of Cambridge life is something very different from this. Such a story could only be adequately written by one who, in the course of his undergraduate career, had unusual opportunities for observation; as a rule, an undergraduate goes in a groove, and only knows one set of men thoroughly. We do not know if the authors of "A Fellow of Trinity" thought to add to the verisimilitude of their story by adapting two incidents which happened within the last two or three years at Cambridge, and which excited considerable interest and discussion in the University at the time; one of these was a fatal accident on the river, and the other was of a painful and distressing nature; the taste shown by such adaptation is distinctly bad, but bad taste and sheer vulgarity of thought are common enough in these three volumes. Much of the book is improbable, much of it is impossible, or inaccurate, and all of it is dull. We give the authors credit for sincere religious convictions, but other things are requisite to make the good novelist. We can find nothing in "A Fellow of Trinity" to justify the authors' presumption in writing it, no insight into character, no touch of humour, no literary power of any kind, nothing to make us hope that we shall ever see any more of their work.

"A Marked Man" opens conventionally enough. There is the old-fashioned village, the very proud and very old family with a scapegrace son, and the simple rustic maiden. Of course the scapegrace falls in love with the rustic maiden, marries her secretly, and is consequently thrown over by his shockingly proud family. So far there is nothing unusual; we may see as fine things in melodrama any day. But long before the end of the first volume we have recognised much which is admirable in the author's writing, and which is lamentably unusual in the average fiction of to-day. It is an attractive book, rendered attractive by the kindly spirit and fine feeling which it evinces, by the wide and generous sympathies of its author, and no less by her remarkable literary ability. Humour and pathos are well within her reach; there is no strain, no self-consciousness; the story is well constructed, and the author's style is easy and vigorous. We have already pointed out that in the choice of incidents the author shows no conspicuous originality, although in her treatment of them she shows considerable skill; in the delineation of character there are both skill and originality. The development of the simple Annie Morrison into the almost painfully aristocratic Mrs. Delavel is a clever piece of work; but far more forceful and original is the delineation of the character of the hero, Richard Delavel. Among the works of fiction which have appeared this year, "A Marked Man" stands very high.

"The Dominant Seventh" professes to be a musical story. It is not too musical; a reader of very moderate musical education will see the justice and force of its title. The dominant seventh pines to be resolved into the common chord of the keynote, the heroine of this novel, or any other novel, pines to find her completion in the hero. As a musician the author seems to be a moderate Wagnerian, not blind to the merits of the older schools; but we are more concerned with her position as a novelist. She writes of an Italian who, curiously enough, was a nobleman in his own country; his wife was a lunatic; he played excellently on the violin; and he fell in love with a woman who was not his wife, and exercised a curious hypnotic influence over her. The story is not therefore particularly new, and is occasionally a little morbid. There is, however, some evidence of a cultured mind in the author; of course this reputation for culture can be acquired easily enough by occasional references to Satsuma, Chippendale, or Spanish altar-lace; in this case we think rather more knowledge of a subject is shown. The good musicians may object at times to the author's opinion, or to her phraseology; but the average novel-reader will find here a new interest, a certain amount of special knowledge displayed in an attractive and pleasing manner. It is a very romantic story; the analysis of character is not remarkably close or accurate; but it is not devoid of merit or promise. A little more care and self-restraint would have made "The Dominant Seventh" a much better book.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In "Flores Historiarum," Dr. Luard follows up his scholarly edition of Matthew Paris by a reissue of the most famous of the continuations of that chronicler. The so-called Matthew of Westminster, whose Chronicle in various forms extends to 1307 or 1325, is of very little independent value till the latter half of the thirteenth century, up to which his narrative is entirely based upon one or other form of the labours of his great predecessor. After a careful investigation Dr. Luard comes to the same conclusion as that to which Sir Francis Palgrave came more than sixty years ago. Matthew of Westminster is a mere phantom who never existed. The Chronicle bearing his name is in the main a *réchauffé* of Matthew Paris's "Chronica Majora" drawn up originally at St. Albans somewhere about the year 1250—possibly under the great chronicler's own eye. Matthew Paris stops short at 1259; and from this point the work was carried on still at St. Albans till the year 1265, when the MS. was removed to Westminster, where other scribes brought it down to 1325. This MS., now at Chesham Library in Manchester, bears traces of Matthew Paris's own writing in some places. A second MS. (now preserved at Eton College) extends only to the year 1307. It was originally written for Merton Abbey, and on the whole agrees with the Chesham MS. to the year 1245. From this point to 1307 the new MS. has many differences. On reviewing the whole matter Dr. Luard concludes that the name Matthew of Westminster is a conglomerate, Matthew being the Christian name of Matthew Paris, on whose Chronicle the work is based, and Westminster being an ignorant addition due to the fact that the Chesham MS. was continued at and belonged to the great Abbey at Westminster. This name is only to be found in one MS. of the "Flores Historiarum," now in the British Museum; but from this it passed to the first printed edition—that issued by Archbishop Parker in 1567—and has ever since stuck to the text. Any detailed criticism of the "Flores Historiarum" must be reserved till the appearance of the later volumes, for the present volume has no permanent value to historical students from the fact of its being a mere *résumé* of Matthew Paris.

Messrs. Rivingtons have produced a charming and complete "Divina Commedia" in Italian. Dante is printed without the encumbrance of notes. The account of his works and of his death, from John Villani's Chronicle, is given as a preface; and a short notice in Italian states that the text of Witte has been followed generally, though the editor has not hesitated sometimes to accept the readings of other great authorities, or to adopt the suggestions of common sense. The volume is in crown octavo size, bound in cloth, and five hundred pages long. The paper is good, the type is clear. The colophon is inscribed "Edinborgo: Impresso da T. & A. Constable nel mese d'Aprile, 1890." Both to the publishers and to the printers great praise is due for this admirable edition. If the lovers of Dante wish to make him the companion of their holiday they cannot find him in a better form than this; and, as a companion, there is no one more soothing, more restful. In these fevered times he is like his own—

> "Squilla di lontano;
> Che paia il giorno pianger, che si muore."
>
> "The distant voice of melancholy bells,
> Which seem to mourn the dying of the day."

Dr. Wetz is so sound as a Shakespearean critic that it is a thousand pities he should be so prolix. Of the comparison between Shakespeare and the representatives of other dramatic literatures, which his title-page seems to promise, we find little trace in his book. The propositions to which he principally confines himself are very simple ones: that Shakespeare's personages act from the inner necessity of their natures, not from calculation of expediency, or to adapt themselves to the convenience of the author; and that Shakespeare is not to be judged as if he had written in the nineteenth century. Dr. Wetz has convinced us that these seeming axioms need to be demonstrated in Germany, seeing that they are contested by Bulthaupt, Hartmann, and Gervinus; but he has not convinced us that Gervinus, Hartmann, and Bulthaupt deserve so much powder and shot.

The first essay of "Insignia Vitæ" (the best in the book) seeks to remove the sense of incongruity felt by some between moral aspiration and the impression which nature makes upon them, by pointing out in moral life and in natural processes the same dualism between the "form" to be developed and the material necessary as its vehicle which will not allow of its perfect development. No. II. is a collection of psychical facts and anecdotes usefully illustrating the distinction between the more or less willed and conscious actions of the mind; it is marred by a hazy misuse of metaphysical conceptions, as where the motion of invisible molecules is spoken of as something "transcendental," and confused by a quest after something called the "Ego," in which we doubt if the writer knows very clearly what it is he wants to get at, and which ends in a pointless limitation of man's personality to a select part of the activities of his mind. No. III. is called "The Exercise of the Judgment," but it consists chiefly of an assortment of newspaper cuttings exhibiting instances of strange aberration of judgment, disastrous consequences of want of thought, etc., leading up to little or nothing more than the conclusion that one ought to exercise one's judgment somehow. No. IV. gives us some facts about embryos and some rather pleasing sentiments about childhood. No. V. raises the question of love and of marriage, about which the author has nothing to say; and to the solution of other questions about women it contributes the discovery that the sexes are very different. All these essays contain much varied information, but none except the first has a point, or attempts to extract out of the facts cited anything more fruitful than the commonplaces which most men could express in a less garnished style. There is some interesting reading in the book, but it is a pity when such thin and obvious reflections are taken as contributing anything to the philosophy of life. The temper which so regards them is apt to be contented with more than usually shallow views of questions of the time. There could be no better instance of this than the light way in which the author disposes of the claims of women to better education and a larger scope in life, and the facts which prove their capacity for it, from the high standpoint of one who has made the discovery that women cannot be quite like men.

Dr. Marshall Lang, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, a building which was once associated with the ministry of Norman McLeod, has written a fresh and forcible exposition of the story of "Gideon and the Judges." There is much truth in Dr. Lang's assertion that it is no light task to vividly conjure up the events and personages of not merely a remote, but an obscure age. Much has been done in recent years by the Palestine Exploration Fund in identifying localities and sites more or less closely associated with Biblical History, and Major Conder has indeed gone so far as to claim that no less than two-thirds of the places mentioned in the Scriptures have been ascertained. Dr. Lang, however, is by no means as sure on that point, and he seems to incline to the view that in several instances this supposed identification rests on no more substantial basis than a resemblance of sound between ancient and modern names. At all events, in spite of research, a cloud of uncertainty still rests over some of the allusions in that part of the Bible with which this manual is more immediately concerned, and the sites of the cities named in connection with Gideon's pursuit of the kings cannot be fixed with precision. Wide reading is apparent in this little book, and the author confesses that he has availed himself of the help, not only of scholars and critics, but of travellers and poets. Chrysostom, he reminds us, declared that the truth concerning a remote age could only be gained by investigating the "period, cause, motive, difference of person, and the attendant circumstances;" and then went on to add: "If the Old Testament Scriptures had not trained us so well that we have become susceptible of higher things, we should not now have seen their deficiency." An able little book—strong, reverent, and suggestive.

Nothing is more difficult than to write a really good elementary book, and Indian history is, perhaps, the most difficult subject on which the attempt can be made. Mr. Talboys Wheeler, who is favourably known by his larger books upon Indian history, has not succeeded in presenting a lucid or interesting sketch of it. The arrangement is far from good, and the meagre narrative fails to depict events either with adequate colour or in their due perspective. The book is not suited for schools, but indeed it can hardly be meant for them. It is readable by older students, but it may be of some use to anyone who wishes to have at hand for the purposes of reference a sort of summary of events with dates.

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* Flores Historiarum. Edited by H. R. Luard, D.D. Vol. I. The Creation to 1066. Rolls Series. 1890.

La Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Uno volume. Londra: Rivingtons. 1890.

Shakespeare vom Standpunkte der vergleicher den Litteraturgeschichte. Von Dr. W. Wetz. Bd. I. Worms: Reiss.

Insignia Vitæ; or, Broad Principles and Practical Conclusions. Five Essays on Life and Character. By C. H. Waterhouse, B.A., M.D. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

Gideon and the Judges; a Study, Practical and Historical. By the Rev. John Marshall Lang, D.D. (Men of the Bible.) London: James Nisbet & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

Indian History, Asiatic and European. By J. Talboys Wheeler London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

NOTICE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR'S bad blunder of last week is now recognised as a blunder by everybody, and his friends are trying to discover some method of accounting for his extraordinary mistake. Some say that he was really acting under the influence of LORD ASHBOURNE; others that his object was to make it impossible for LORD SALISBURY to dissolve next year. The real explanation is, however, very simple. We stated it in our columns last week. It is his profound ignorance of Ireland and the Irishman. "By heavens, if you Englishmen only knew us, how easy it would be for you to get your own way in Ireland!" was the exclamation uttered not long ago by a very prominent Nationalist. No doubt it is seldom possible for the people of one country thoroughly to understand the people of another; but there are degrees in ignorance, and MR. BALFOUR'S wilful ignorance of Ireland amounts to something like a scandal. Nobody disputes his cleverness; nor do we doubt that his brilliant flippancy in the House of Commons is of itself of value. But if he were a thousand times cleverer than he is, and if he had that which he undoubtedly has not—the wise and cautious temperament of the statesman—he would still be unable to rule Ireland, so long as he shuts himself up in absolute ignorance of anything concerning her, save what is to be learned from the reports of permanent officials. "The Castle" has ruined MR. BALFOUR, as it has ruined many a better man.

WE comment elsewhere upon the proceedings at Tipperary on Thursday, when the members of Parliament and other defendants appeared before MESSRS. IRWIN and SHANNON, two well-known "removable" magistrates. There was nothing, unfortunately, new in the organised violence with which the police treated the crowd of Irishmen who were anxious to show their sympathy with the prisoners; but as MR. JOHN MORLEY was present (the *Times* makes the ridiculous complaint that his presence in Ireland is calculated to intimidate the magistrates!) special interest was given to the proceedings. MR. MORLEY narrowly escaped an assault by a constable, and another member of Parliament, MR. HENRY HARRISON, was brutally maltreated. The defendants protested on most proper grounds against being tried by two magistrates who have already repeatedly come into collision both with MR. O'BRIEN and MR. DILLON, and one of whom was acting as an executive officer at one of the meetings with respect to which these gentlemen are accused. MR. FOWLER, speaking on Thursday at Lowestoft, expressed the feeling of most Englishmen when he denied that the defendants would have a fair trial before such a tribunal. It will be interesting to know what advantage the Irish Secretary hopes to gain from a conviction following a trial which is thus stigmatised from the first as unfair.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has recently made certain statements regarding a convict named DALY, now under a sentence of penal servitude for his connection with the Birmingham dynamite plots, which demand the careful attention of the authorities. MR. O'BRIEN'S statement is that DALY was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of the police, who "planted" upon him the dynamite found in his possession. This statement he makes on the authority of MR. ALDERMAN MANTON, a well-known citizen of Birmingham. We need hardly say that the charge is so serious that the Government cannot ignore it. No more shameful crime could well be committed than that which is thus attributed to some members of the police force, and alike for their sake and for that of DALY himself, an immediate investigation should take place. It affords, by the way, a curious test of the intelligence of some advocates of the Ministerial policy that they should see in the demand that DALY'S case should be inquired into proof of secret sympathy with the infamous crimes of the dynamiters. MR. O'BRIEN'S point, of course, is that DALY, so far from being a dynamiter, is an innocent man who has been the victim of a vile plot.

MR. JACKSON has done what MR. BALFOUR will not do. He has visited those parts of Ireland which are threatened with a potato famine, in order to learn for himself the real state of things. MR. JACKSON'S report, as given to his constituents in North Leeds on Wednesday evening, was on the whole reassuring. He does not expect any intense suffering on a large scale even in the worst parts of the country. He believes that in the "congested districts" public works will be started which will prevent anything like a repetition of the famine horrors of a former period. All this is very encouraging. We must remember, however, that MR. JACKSON, whose good faith is above suspicion, naturally takes the optimist official view of the situation, and that at any moment there may be a great change for the worse in many parts of the country.

LORD SPENCER'S speech at Wakefield on Wednesday, though it is received with the usual insolent jibes from the Coercionist press, will strike most persons as being a singularly fair and dispassionate review of the situation in Ireland, as it exists at present. No doubt there was little new to be said about the arrest of the Irish members, for that event is only the repetition of an old story. But LORD SPENCER did well to dwell upon the confession of weakness which is involved in MR. BALFOUR'S bad blunder. He did well, too, to point to one moral which the tale teaches. That is that we are not now likely to have an immediate dissolution.

THE meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors passed off with the most complete success, and has done much to strengthen the faith of Europe in the stability of the alliance between the two great German Powers. On the closing day of the manœuvres near Liegnitz the two Emperors interchanged complimentary speeches, and GENERAL CAPRIVI received from the Austrian monarch the Grand Cross of St. Stephen set in brilliants, a very uncommon mark of distinction. Altogether it looks as though the coldness which prevailed at the meeting of the German Emperor and the Czar had given an immense impulse to the feeling in favour of a real union among all branches of the German race. Meanwhile PRINCE BISMARCK sits at home, and watches the progress of events in which he no longer plays the leading part with unconcealed ill-temper. His latest declaration has been an expression of his